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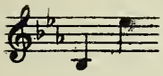
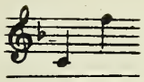
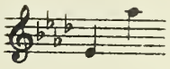

BONNIE, SWEET BESSIE

(THE MAID O' DUNDEE)

Words by

ARABELLA ROOT

Music by

J. L. GILBERT

Price 50 cents.

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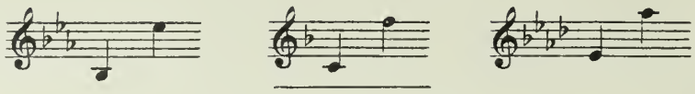

ARABELLA ROOT

J. L. GILBERT
Revised by H. L. Heartz

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

rit.

mf

A High - land lad - die there lived o'er the way, A lad - die both no - ble and

p a tempo

gal - lant and gay, Who loved a las - sie as no - ble as he, A

** Also Arr. for Mixed, Men's and Women's Voices (Octavo)*

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UPB

largemente *rit.* *a tempo*

bon-nie, sweet las-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee; This las-sie had lands, but the

largemente *rit.* *a tempo*

lad-die had nane, And yet to her it was all the same, For

rit.

rit.

a tempo

dear - ly she loved him, and said she knew This lad - die, dear lad-die, was

a tempo *colla voce*

rit.

gude and true.

a tempo

rit. *p*

mf *a tempo*

Ere years or e - ven months had fled This lad-die and las-sie were
But sor - row came to her heart one day, And her dear lad-die was

p a tempo

hap - pi - ly wed; Nae bet - ter wi - fey e'er lived on the lea Than
ta - ken a - way; Then, oh, how sad and lone was she, Poor

largemente *rit.* *a tempo*

bon-nie, sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dun-dee. A hap - pi - er hame nae
bon-nie, sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dun-dee. And when in the ground her

largemente *rit.* *a tempo*

rit.

mon ev-er had Than this which held ___ twa hearts sae glad, And
dar - lin' they laid Her heart then broke, and she fer-vent-ly pray'd, "Oh,

rit.

a tempo

ne'er did Bes-sie have cause to rue Her wed-ding this lad-die, sae
God in heav-en let me go too, And be wi' my lad-die, sae

a tempo

colla voce

rit.

gude and true.
gude and true."

a tempo

rit.

p

Two New Songs by

HOWARD D. McKINNEY

The Bagpipe Man
(A Characteristic Song)

In bagpipe time

The bag-pipe man came ov-er our hill When

f

no one knew he was an-y-where round, With a

In character, briskly

whirl and a skirl, and a toot and a trill; And we

Price 60 cents

The bagpipe man came over our hill
When no one knew he was anywhere round,
With a whirl and a skirl, and a toot and a trill;
And we all went scamp'ring after the sound.
We cried, "Oh, tell us, what do you play?
What do you play so queer, so queer?"
And he skipped a couple of notes to say,
"But tell me, wha' do ye hear?"

One of us heard a trumpet sweet,
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men;
And one of us heard the dancing feet
Of fairies down in a dusky glen;
And one of us called it a bird in June,
One, a river that ran and ran.
But he never would tell us the name of his tune,
The funny old bagpipe man!

Nancy Byrd Turner

The Brown-Eye Tavern
(A whimsy)

Allegretto

I'll keep a lit-tle tav-ern Be-

low the high hill's crest Where-in all brown-eyed

peo-ple May sit them down and rest.

Price 60 cents

I'll keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest
Wherein all brown-eyed people
May sit them down and rest.

There shall be plates a-plenty
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the brown-eyed people
Who happen up the hill.

There sound will sleep the traveler,
And dream his journey's end;
But I will rise at midnight
The fading fire to tend.

Aye, 'tis a curious fancy
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two brown eyes,
A many years ago.

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